

CHOOSE THAT ROAD

This is my home, I was born here
See, I carved my name in that chair
If I'd o' seen your face before I'd remember
Not many faces around any more
I sit and watch the sun come up each day
And I remember all the ones who got away

They roll along like a wagon wheel on nerves of steel when
they lose this town
How they know what they're letting go when they choose that
road they don't go down

I prefer to live out here by the silos
See, the prairies nice when she blooms
But I can see you're heading into the sunset
You like the places that don't have any room
I sit and watch the sun come up each day
And I remember all the ones who got away

They roll along like a wagon wheel on nerves of steel when
they lose this town
How they know what they're letting go when they choose that
road they don't go down

I sit and watch the sun come up each day
Then I watch it go on down the other way
I like to think I'm here 'cause someone has to stay
To remember all the ones who got away

They roll along like a wagon wheel on nerves of steel when
they lose this town
How they know what they're letting go when they choose that
road that they don't go down
When they choose that road they don't go down
I was born here. I don't go..

(Linda McLean, Betty's Room, Socan 2001)